

Stranger Things and IT drabbles by zendrella

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Characters: Beverly Marsh, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Will Byers

Relationships: Dustin Henderson/Lucas Sinclair, Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Beverly Marsh, Eleven | Jane Hopper/Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

A collection of drabbles posted to my tumblr (zendrella) for a "send a number and a ship" prompt list

1. 100 + Byler

100. *I'm sorry, but that was adorable.*

“Mike?”

“Hm?” Mike turns around just in time to see Will’s hand throwing something at him, and the next thing he knows he’s covered in flour. The boy responsible smiles widely and laughs as Mike coughs and tries to wipe his face.

“Oh, you’re in for it,” Mike laughs when he can finally see clearly without flour dusted in his eyelashes. He leaps at Will, who makes a surprised noise but manages to get away just in time. A chase begins, Will running around the kitchen with Mike close behind, the brownies for their school’s bake sale forgotten as the two boys laugh and slip and avoid each other. A misstep on Will’s part allows Mike to finally grab him by the wrist and tackle him to the floor.

“Surrender, Byers!” Mike grins as he pins Will’s arms to the floor beside his head.

Will shakes his head. “Never.”

“It’s not like you can get anywhere,” Mike says, trying to steady his breathing. “You’re trapped.”

“Maybe,” Will smiles. “But I can do this.”

Without warning, he leans up and kisses Mike, a soft, sweet kiss that only lasts a second. A second is however all it takes for Mike to loosen his grip on Will’s wrists, and before he can blink he’s on his back with Will grinning down at him. “Gotcha.”

Mike laughs. **“I’m sorry, but that was adorable.”**

“I literally just flipped you over by *kissing* you!” Will huffs. “You’re the adorable one if that was enough to get you distracted.”

“You’re an adorable guy, Will Byers,” Mike says. Will’s slightly

irritated expression quickly melts away. Mike leans up to kiss him again, but Will stands up.

“Don’t think I’m falling for my own trick, Mike,” he says. “Come on, we can’t leave the brownies in the oven for too long.” With that, he turns around and turns his attention back to the brownies in question, leaving Mike on the floor with flour in his hair.

2. 42 + Henclair

42. *This is where you impress me, right?*

The sun shines through the curtains, lighting up the room. Lucas slowly opens his eyes, stretching in his sleeping bag. He sits up and looks around, only to find the room empty. He frowns. Did he miss something? Had Dustin tried to wake him up but fail? Did he just leave?

The smell of toast reaches Lucas and he closes his eyes again. Breakfast. He decides that Dustin must be in the bathroom and gets up to go to the kitchen. Mrs. Henderson likes him, she won't refuse to let him eat just because her son isn't there yet.

Lucas pulls a hoodie on the floor over his head – if it's his or Dustin's, he can't tell – and leaves the room. He reaches the kitchen and halts to a stop when he sees Dustin by the stove.

"Dustin?"

The other guy turns around, his face breaking into a toothy grin when he sees Lucas in the doorway. "You're awake!" He turns his attention back to the stove and lifts a pan off of it, slipping the eggs and bacon onto two plates. "I made breakfast," he continues as he turns around yet again and puts the plates on a tray.

"Why didn't you wake me up?" Lucas asks, moving into the room.

"I was *going* to bring this tray back to my room," Dustin shrugs, "but now that you're here..." He carries the tray past Lucas to the living room.

Lucas follows him and watches as his boyfriend puts the tray down on the coffee table and makes himself comfortable on the couch. Dustin finally looks up at him again and smiles. "You gonna come sit down?"

Lucas stays still for several seconds before speaking. "Is your mom

home?”

“Work,” Dustin replies.

“So you made breakfast?”

Dustin nods.

“This is where you impress me, right?” Lucas teases after few more seconds of silence.

Dustin groans. “Come on, Lucas! I tried! Give me some credit.”

Lucas rolls his eyes but smiles anyway. He closes the space between them and sits down next to Dustin, pressing a kiss to his cheek. “Thank you. I bet it tastes great.”

Dustin smiles and hands Lucas a glass of apple juice. The sun shining through the living room’s curtains warms the two boyfriends on the couch for the rest of the morning.

3. 81 + Reddie

81. *Excuse me for falling in love with you.*

“You’re hogging the blankets, dipshit,” Eddie whispers to the lump of blankets, pillows and curly black hair next to him. A sleepy grumble is the only reaction. “Sorry, what was that?”

“I said you stole them first,” Richie replies, a little clearer this time. “Besides, you’re hot, it’s not like you need them.”

Eddie sighs and sits up. He grabs a pillow and swings it at what he assumes is Richie’s head. “Give me a blanket or I’ll leave.”

“No you won’t,” the blanket lump says. “You never do.”

“Excuse me?” Eddie asks.

Richie’s bleary eyes peek out beneath the blankets. “You always say you’ll leave and go sleep in your room, but you never do, Eddie S’getti.”

Eddie crosses his arms. “I will this time.”

Richie shakes his head the tiniest bit, his eyes already closed again. “You love me too much. Can’t resist my charms. It’s one of your greatest weaknesses.”

“What, that my boyfriend’s a dick?” Eddie scoffs. “Well, **excuse me for falling in love with you.**”

Richie lifts an arm up, creating an opening in the blankets. Eddie quickly crawls into it and snuggles close to Richie, snaking his arms around him.

“Love you too,” Richie says as he wraps the blankets around Eddie, who’s already drifting off to sleep.

4. 54 + Reddie

54. *Why's there a pregnancy test in the trash?*

“Richie?”

“Yeeaaahh?”

Eddie walks into the living room and nearly rolls his eyes at the sight of his drunk boyfriend lying on the floor. “Has Bev been here recently?”

Richie is silent for a moment, then nods. “Mmm. Left righ’ before you got home.”

With a sigh, Eddie sits down in front of Richie and holds up the item in his hand in front of his face. “Is she the reason for this?”

“I dunno,” Richie says, without looking at what Eddie’s holding.

“Rich,” Eddie tries again, “**why’s there a pregnancy test in the trash?**”

Richie finally looks at Eddie. “Ohhh. That.” He giggles and takes the test from Eddie. “Bev bought it.”

Eddie frowns. “She thought she was pregnant?”

Richie shakes his head while he fiddles with the test. “No.” He suddenly gasps. “Do *you* think she is, Eds?”

“No, or there would be two lines on that,” Eddie replies. “Richie, I was gone for two days and you get drunk with Bev and she buys a pregnancy test. Should I be worried about her?”

“Nooo,” Richie shakes his head. “We were talkin’ ‘bout babies and – and family and all kinds of things. Then we bought that. But she’s fiine. Haystack is fine. I’m fine.”

“You’re fine?” Eddie repeats. “What do you mean, you’re –”

He sighs again and rubs his face. “Rich, babe... Did Bev tell you that *you’re* pregnant?”

Richie hesitates for a moment, then nods. “I’m sorry. I was gonna tell you.”

Eddie snorts. “Richie, you fucking dumbass...”

“What?” Richie looks up at Eddie, looking hurt. “Why would you say that?”

“You’re a guy!” Eddie laughs. “You can’t get pregnant!”

Realization slowly dawns on Richie’s face. “Ohh... that red little devil was messin’ with me...”

“No shit,” Eddie chuckles. “Listen, let’s get you to bed. It’s late.”

Richie nods, and Eddie helps him up from the floor. As he helps tuck him into their bed he makes a mental note to call Beverly in the morning.

5. 25 + Beleven

25. *Aren't you supposed to be the adult?*

A soft hand on her forehead wakes Beverly from her sleep and she opens her eyes to see El sitting in front of her, a cup of tea standing off to the side. She smiles when she sees that Beverly has woken up. “Good morning, sleepyhead.”

Beverly mumbles something that she hopes sounds like a morning greeting before she starts to sit up, but El's hand on her forehead quickly moves to her shoulder to hold her still. “Hey, take it easy. You're still sick.”

“I'm fine,” Beverly whines, but even as she says it she feels her throat complain.

El hands her the cup of tea. “Here. Hopper said it should help make you feel better.”

“You have to let me sit up if I'm going to be able to drink that,” Beverly points out which earns a giggle from El. The other girl lets go of her shoulder so Beverly can hoist herself up and lean against the headboard. She takes the tea from El and sips it, loving the feeling of the slight burn in her throat.

El gets up and climbs into the bed to sit down next to Beverly. Beverly immediately leans into her arms when she opens them up which draws another giggle from El. “Don't spill your tea on me, please.”

Beverly hums and leans her head on El's shoulder. “I won't. And if I do, you'd still let me stay right here. **Aren't you supposed to be the adult?** The one who'd let her girlfriend use the sick card to get out of any situation?”

“I'm only two months older than you, Beverly,” El says with a laugh. “And what you're describing is something a child would do. Something *you* would do.”

Beverly shrugs. "And you." She lifts her head up and turns to face El.
"Cause you love me."

El nods. "I do." When Beverly smiles and leans closer, however, she quickly brings her hand up and blocks Beverly's lips. "But I'm not kissing you. Who's going to take care of you if we're both sick?"

Beverly sighs. "Fine. But you owe me a million hugs until I'm better. Promise?"

El smiles and wraps her arms tightly around her girlfriend.
"Promise."

6. 37 + Elmax

37. *I had a dream about you.*

The back of a hand hitting El's face makes her eyes snap open. She turns to the offender and is met with a mess of red hair.

"Max," she says quietly, not wanting to wake up anyone else around them. She carefully sits up, feeling the cool air of the Wheelers' basement on her arms. She reaches out and shakes Max's shoulder. "Max!"

Max stirs and turns toward El. She peers up at her through her hair and pouts. "What?" she croaks, her voice thick from sleep.

"You hit me in the face," El whispers. "Is something wrong?"

Max frowns. "Sorry." She lifts her hand up and strokes El's cheek. "Didn't mean to."

El smiles. "It's okay."

Max yawns and sits up, blinking as her eyes adjust to the dark. "I think..." She stretches and then looks at El. "I think **I had a dream about you.**"

"It was so bad you had to hit me in the face?" El giggles.

"Yeah, totally," Max laughs. "No, I think we were hugging or something and you walked away. Wanted you back."

El smiles gently and takes Max's hand in hers. "I won't leave you."

"I know," Max smiles back. "It was just a dream, El."

El doesn't say anything, instead she just leans in and wraps her arms around Max. "Still. I won't leave you." She can feel Max smile as she returns the hug. The two stay like that for a while, just enjoying each other's company.

“I know,” Max finally says. “I won’t leave either.”

7. 20 + Byler

20. *It's just rain, you aren't gonna melt!*

"Mike, wait up!"

Mike stills and turns toward the voice, watching as Will runs down the hill from the front of the school and waits until he catches up to him, squeezing in next to the taller boy beneath the umbrella in his hand.

"Thanks," Will says, slightly out of breath from running through the rain. He brings a hand up to his wet hair and swipes it away from his face. Mike's smile catches him off guard. "What?"

"Nothing," Mike shrugs. "You're just adorable."

Will blushes. "Shut up," he mumbles and shoves Mike lightly. "Thanks for waiting. I hate the rain."

"Why?" Mike wonders with a laugh as he keeps walking. **"It's just rain, you aren't gonna melt!"**

"I know," Will says by his side. "It's just... It's cold," he adds quietly. "Reminds me of... *that* place. And the Mind Flayer."

Mike doesn't say anything for a while, and when Will glances up at him, he can see a hint of guilt in Mike's eyes.

"I'm sorry," Mike finally says and looks down at Will, who smiles and shakes his head.

"It's okay," he says. "I'm okay. I'm with you."

This makes Mike smile, and he reaches his hand out to grab Will's. It makes Will's own smile widen. The rest of their walk to Mike's house is spent in comfortable silence, and for the first time in several months, Will doesn't mind the rain so much.